

SANT JORDI

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Life Is A Pig-Eyed Blatsphere

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An Erotic Navel of Passion & POOP

◆

by K.Tao

★

This is Program Guide Number Sixty-Five in the (apparently) endless series put out by Radio Station KTAO(FM), Los Gatos, Calif.

KTAO broadcasts at 95.3 mHz with transmitter high atop the Mount Kilimanjaro of Santa Clara County --- namely, Mount Uhmunum. With a minute amount of power, we manage to saturate much of San Jose, Palo Alto, Fremont, and even parts of Berkeley and San Francisco with music of the Ugudu, songs of the Upper Blatt Region of Moscovy Prefacture, and assorted rock, blues, and folk.

KTAO is on the air 24 hours of the day, and 24 hours of the night too. We schedule talk mostly between 11 am and 2 pm, although it is known to occur at other times. Generally, you can expect classical and ethnic in the morning, ethnic and classical and jass and folk in the afternoon, rock and jazz after 6 pm.

The program guide is mailed out each Thursday to those who support our suppurating operation with subscriptions of $15 (annual) or $7.50 (for 9 months). Checks help pay for this guide, and should be sent to:

Subscription Lady
5 University Ave.
Los Gatos 95030

To pay our big bills, we have some 30 sponsors, who are mostly pretty nice, and we encourage you to go buy things from them.

KTAO is a cooperative station --- of sorts, and most of the staff is volunteer & unpaid.



FIG 1
An Attack of Boils

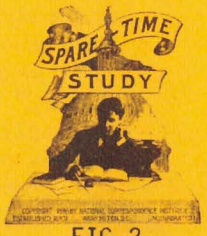


FIG 2
The Snows of Mount Uhnuhumum

Furuncle Tale

SOME CALL IT FURUNCLE BUT I CALL IT A PAIN

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The two old men were walking about on the prunepits and ash-heaps and parking lots of San Jose and the oldest one, the one with the slightly leaky mouth, said "Well, I like him. I like the way he does. One time he was talking about me, and he said 'You have to know him Existentially.' I don't know what that word means, and neither does he, but he tried to explain it to his friends like this:

The Old Man is a bungler, but still he's got a good heart. I mean, one day he turns around and kicks his foot out and all of a sudden there has been a typhoon through Pakistan which snuffed out 500,000 people and he says 'O my god, what have I done.' And he's so agitated that he sits down and bang, there go another 100,000 souls in Brazil, or Japan, or Mexico. He can't stop bungling up, killing armies of people; and everytime he does it he goes "O Lord. Now what have I done?" He always feels terrible but, you see: he's the biggest bungler of all time.

"That's why I like him," said the old man, the one with the leaky mouth. "He says things like that, and drinks his conac and slaps his knee and his friends never know whether he's kidding or not. I like it. He calls it "An Existential Pair of Ducks," whatever that means, and I think he really understand me. Even loves me. in his own strange way."

"Hm," says the other old man, the one with the glittering eye and



FIG 3

AN EXISTENTIAL PAIR-OF-DUCKS. IN DRAG.

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the loping walk. "You may think that, but I dare you to strike him down with an attack of something terrible---an attack of boils, say. Then tell me how much he relates to you as a good, bumbling old fool. Try that one, buddy: take him and plague him a bit. See what he says about you then." And he falls silent, and the two old men drag on through the prunepits and used car lots, and the old man with the leaky mouth doesn't say anything. But he gets a glitter in his eye too.

★ ★ ★

Everyone has a remedy. I mean everyone. Mountain Tom says I should take a hot poultice, and sprinkle it with cinnamon or paprika or some such nonsense and tie it on. "It'll hurt some," he says; "but it'll draw it out."

And Cese boils up a pot full of awful green weeds that one of her trolls gave her. It turns into a black tarry mess, and smells like dogsbodies. She says that after she cooks it for a day or so, I get to tie that on my aching part. And it will help ---I assume---to drive away any one who would stay around and comfort me in my

hour of need.
And Fritzie, over at the Saratoga Deli. She sees me come crabbing in sideways, sitting down carefully, very carefully: snapping at anyone who would pet me. "What's wrong," she asks. I bite her finger off and tell her about my attack of boils. "An ebcess," she calls it. "What you do for an ebcess is make a hot poultice with rye bread." Rye bread, I think. What next? "You look like you got Vitamin A deficiency," she says, pulling down my lower eye-lid. "You need to eat lotsa raisins."

"To hell with them and their rye-bread and weeds and cinnamon," I say, crawling cautiously into bed and turning up the electric blanket to "FLAT OUT." I dabble at my poor misshapen Furuncle (by now an old friend, like a third tit) with a rag boiled in Epsom Salts for maximum discomfort. What with the fever and all, I begin to have attacks of déjà vu.

"Harry." That was his name. Harry. Hemingway never was much for names. But I'm with him, right now, there under the frosty peak of Kilimanjaro, with its cold leopard carcass, frozen forever. "I wonder what he was looking for, at that altitude of 19,000 feet." Harry and I wonder about that leopard, and feel sorry for

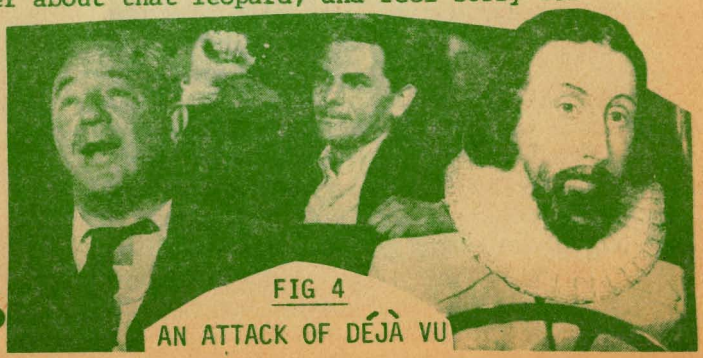


FIG 4
AN ATTACK OF DÉJÀ VU

A BRIEF WORD ABOUT A BIZARRE AND INTERESTING BROADCAST OPERATION

KTAO is a radio station which has elected to do something different in the world of broadcasting. The station is built on the premise that profits are not the be-all and end-all of radio. For another, we operate in a cooperative-volunteer fashion: we have over 35 volunteers to keep the station going, adding a variety and spice to the air in Santa Clara County.

KTAO operates at 95.3 mHz, with a transmitter high on the lofty brow of Mount Uhmunum. Our stereo signal is heard in Los Gatos, and Saratoga, and San Jose, and many parts of the Upper Bay Area. Indeed, we are told, when the Aether Gods are at work and the wind is in the right quarter, our voice can be heard north of San Francisco.

Although *KTAO* is a commercial station, the advertising is knowingly limited to those businesses and groups who are not out to defile the air, land and water in which we have to survive. In addition --- *KTAO* turns over hour programs to any and all non-profit groups so that they may have free and full access to the air, so that all opinions --- no matter how controversial --- may be broadcast.

Some of our programming is strong enough and sharp enough (and our music from all over the world is bizarre enough) to make it necessary for us to urge listeners to support at least part of our operation. Since no one is making money out of the day-to-day operation of *KTAO*, listener monies go towards making it possible for this particular frequency in this particular area to stay open for the unusual and controversial and different. Not only do listeners make it possible for us to continue --- but as well get the singular experience of receiving the weekly *KTAO* Program Guide. This guide -- 16 pages of programming, pictures and essay on the nature of radio in the world of the mind -- has been called "inchoate", "ectoplasmically conscious" and "rotund" by our current 300 subscribers.

Give yourself a chance to be assailed by the Weakly Drag. Give us a chance to continue with this outrageous radio experiment. Subscribe to the *KTAO* guide. We'll be glad you did.

With your annual subscription, you receive the eternal blessing of the Aether People. We could ask for less.

KTAO 95.3 LOS GATOS

KTAO
5 University Avenue
Los Gatos, California 95030

Dear *KTAO* Subscription Lady:

I think your appeal for funds is the weirdest thing I have read in ages, but I believe your radio station is the nuts. Here's:

() $15 for a regular subscription to your program guide, THE WEAKLY DRAG.

() $7.50 which, I hear, is the rate for those people on welfare, in jail, in bed, in love – or all four.

() $5.00 to keep you off my back until I can subscribe at the regular rate.

Please...
Send me the **GUIDE** and your LOVE.

Love,

ZIP_____

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ourselves, and think about the gangrene starting to creep up our limbs to do us in. And those big flappy ugly birds, scrawling in the dust, waiting for us to give up the ghost.

It was the letters of F Scott Fitzgerald in Esquire which brought on the attack. (Of déjà vu, not boils). Just a whiner, just like everyone else. Whining about growing old; whining about his binges, whining about Hemingway writing about him in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," writing all those awful things about Fitzgerald and his big drunks in Paris, and his whinings. "God," I think, "Hemingway and Fitzgerald were just a bunch of children. Fighting and whining and crying and going 'nyah-nyah-nyah' and writing awful stupid things about each other, and running off tattling to Maxwell Perkins, telling on each other." Writers, just like children: whoring and going on stupid drinking spress and finally sticking a gun in their mouths and liberating their brains. And we in this country make such a cult of writers--- such a romantic mystique; trying to imitate and perfect their petty squabbles.



FIG 5

★ HARRY SWEATING AND
★ SWATTING FLIES
★ (AND WONDERING
★ WHAT IT ALL MEANS)

But it was the story about Harry that did it. Harry, with his throbbing pustules, and his awful crab-like personality: him sitting there in the sun swatting flies and saying things like "Love is a dunghill," and the pain in his leg

making him say "So that's how you died, in whispers that you did not hear." Déjà vu.

Déjà vu. In the fever we're up there in the hot shadow of that mountain sticking straight up out of the plain like a carbuncle, and the rich bitch is brushing the flies off me and telling me not to drink too much. And I think of that Hemingway character --- with his strong man-mountain stuff such that he had to finally put his brains to flight. And I think of Fitzgerald convinced that it was him that Hemingway was writing about---and going off on a big drunk (another) to show him, and the world.

Déjà vu. Chris says it on the air and translates it wrong and I think it doesnt make any difference what with the fever and pain and all because for us it means some romantic Isadore Duncan vision we think we've had before, but we aren't sure; but to the French it just means "Not again...don't pull out that turkey again." But we romanticise it, just like Hemingway did with that frozen leopard which might as well have been a frozen turkey.

And me with my two old men crabbing through the parking lots of San Jose. Two old men, the Alpha and Omega in blackface, scrabbling through the asphalt carbuncles, thinking (in my fever) of the Existential Nature of god---leaning down through the haze to lay waste a whole city; bungling again, apologizing for it, and wondering what the word "Existential" really means.



FIG 6
TWO CARBUNCLES (OR FURUNCLES) IN THE PARKING LOTS OF SAN JOSE

AND NOW*

PROGRAMS TO BE HEARD OVER KTAO DURING THE MAY 20 - 26

Thursday.....May 20

11 AM The Poetry Program. Kelly Imports People from the Mountain to read live... and the whole sponsored by Keplers Books.
11:30 Man Against Himself. A talk given at Washington U, St. Louis, by Dr. Katherine B. Oettinger on Individual and Societal Population Control. From KDNA.
12:30 Classic Jazz. Mike Duffy & old jazz.
NOTE: At 10 AM TODAY (just before the poetry program) we will present an old radio program "Ozzie & Harriet" teaching the boys the value of money. If you would like some insight on these programs, plz. read this month's Esquire Magazine on O&H.
6 PM Dwight Freeman, Jazz Freak, continues his exploration of recordings of trumpet.

Friday, May 21

11 AM An Interview with Joseph Sunseri. Thos who remember our interviews with the mayor candidates (San Jose) will remember Mr. Sunseri as one of the most unusual--- and now he returns for a post-election round-up. In his own style. Live.
11:30 :The Psychology of Religious Awareness. A talk given by Dr Abraham Maslow (of Brandeis). He is a student of human motivation, and author of "The Psychology of Science"...and this talk is provided to KTAO by Big Sur Recordings, San Rafael.
12:30 Friday Afternoon Music. Robert Garfias in the excellent program from KRAB. Ethnic & jazz from his extensive collection.
9 PM Mimi & Richard Farina Special with Jeff Smith. (Rescheduled from last time).
11 PM Old Radio Horror Show. From the collection of John Cockroft, Palo Alto.

10 TheWeekend

Saturday, May 22

The Five Hour Baroque Show goes on at Seven AM and runs until noon. Today, it will feature vocal works of George Friedrich Handel. Then at noon, Hugh McAllorum comes in 20 minutes late and says 'It's a BEAUTIFUL day' (even if it isn't) and plays English and Irish and Scots music, and occasional plays, until 3. From three to six, it's bluegrass, with Al Knoth. Who, today, will feature two groups. There will be the playing of the Stanley Brothers in live concert (in Berkeley) for an hour or so, and then he will feature, for the rest of the program, the Church Brothers and Collins Blackwell. At six, we don't know what will be happening, because that crazy Richard went off to another station (this time KOME) again, but we do know that at midnight Chris Campbell will be up all night and last time he surprised us and played almost all classical. Then

Sunday, May 23

The Sunday after Ascension, Al Whitaker is in at 7 AM for the "shortest, fastest, funnest four hours on radio" being almost all romantic chamber music. At 11 AM, V E Buck comes in with a new stack of records from his private collection, and we will hear pure Ethnic from Japan and Africa and Scandanavia and other out-wordly countries. D. Freedman does the 2 - 6 period, with some classical early on, shading into gospel and bluegrass at 5 or so. Jazz with Fr. DeMoss at 6, and Chris Campbell again with rock or so at 9. The Manson Kid rides at midnight, and for me to tell you what he will do would be foolish, not to say indefatigueable. Anyway, it goes on all night.

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